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handkerchief out of his pocket; "his painting had quite gone off. It seemed to me to have lost something. It had lost an ideal. When you and he ceased to be friends, he ceased to be a great artist. What was it separated you? I suppose he bored you. If so, he never forgave you. It's a habit bores have. By the way, what has become of that wonderful portrait he did of you? I don't think I have ever seen it since he finished it. Oh! I remember your telling me years ago that you had sent it down to Selby, and that it had got mislaid or stolen on the way. You never got it back? What a pity! It was really a masterpiece. I remember I wanted to buy it. I wish I had now. It belonged to Basil's best period. Since then, his work was that curious mixture of bad painting and good intentions that always entitles a man to be called a representative British artist. Did you advertise for it? You should."

"I forget," said Dorian. "I suppose I did. But I never really liked it. I am sorry I sat for it. The memory of the thing is hateful to me. Why do you talk of it? It used to remind me of those curious lines in some play—Hamlet, I think—how do they run?

Like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart.

Yes: that is what it was like/*

Lord Henry laughed. "If a man treats life artistically, his brain is his heart/" he answered, sinking into an arm-chair.

Dorian Gray shook his head, and struck some soft chords on the piano. "Like the painting of a sorrow,*" he repeated, "a face without a heart."*

The elder man lay back and looked at him with half-closed eyes. "By the way, Dorian," he said, after a pause, "what does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose *—how does the quotation run?—'his own soul'?"

The music jarred, and Dorian Gray started, and stared at his friend. "Why do you ask me that, Harry?"

"My dear fellow/* said Lord Henry, elevating his eyebrows in surprise, "I asked you because I thought you might be able to give me an answer. That is all. I was going through the Park last Sunday, and close by the Marble Arch there stood a little crowd of shabby-looking people listening to some vulgar street-preacher. As I passed by, I heard the man yelling out that question to his audience. It struck me as being rather dramatic. London is very rich in curious effects of that kind. A wet Sunday, an uncouth Christian in a mackintosh, a ring of